THE
Politick Shepherd.

A New SONG

A Twelve-month and more I had courted young Kate,
And offer'd to wed her, and make her my mate;
And offer'd, &c.
But the ſilly damſel was forward and ſhy,
And always declar'd ſhe a maiden would die,
And always, &c.

You know my dear Kitty, one evening I ſaid,
What danger awaits if you die an old maid,
What danger, &c.
The ſentence is cruel, then prithy comply,
Yet ſtill ſhe declar'd ſhe a maiden would die,
A maiden would die, a maiden would die,
Yet ſtill, &c.

But for an old Gypſey I vow and declare,
Kate had dy'd an old Maid, and I with deſpair,
Kate dy'd, &c.
But ſhe by me tutor'd, ſoon made her comply,
And Kitty now fears ſhe a maiden ſhould die,
Maiden ſhould die, maiden ſhould die.
And Kitty, &c.

That hanging and marriage by deſtiny went,
The Beldame aſſur'd her, which made her relent,
The Beldame, &c.
So ſhe met me next day, and with look very ſhy,
Declar'd 'twas decreed ſhe no maiden ſhould die,
No maiden ſhould die, no maiden ſhould die,
Declar'd, &c.

Her innocence charm'd me, I made her my wife,
And Kitty and I ſhall be happy for life,
And Kitty, &c.
No bliſs now I find like the conjugal tye,
And Kitty ne'er wiſhes a maiden to die,
A maiden to die, a maiden to die,
And Kitty, &c.